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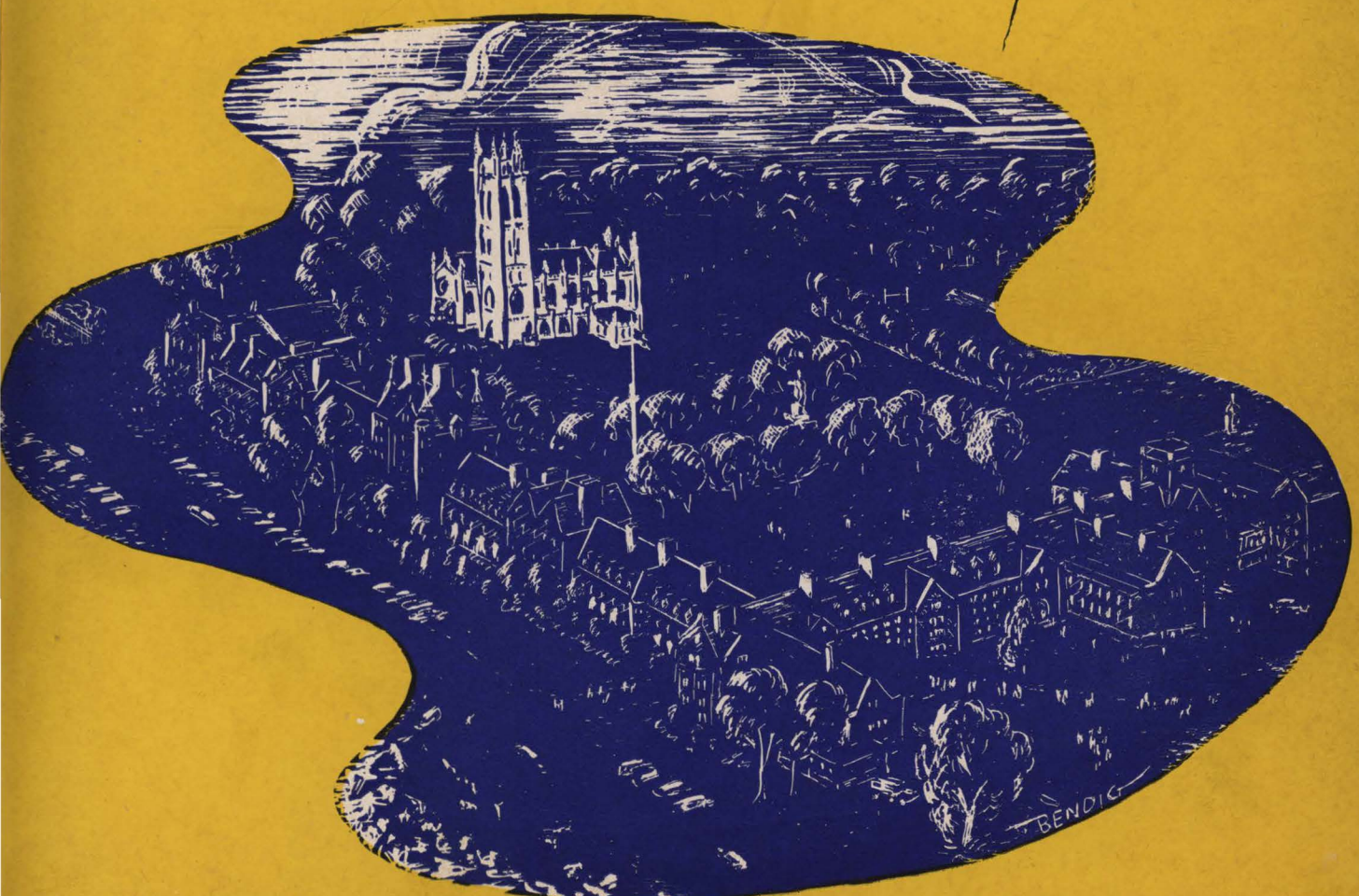

THE TRINITY REVIEW

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"We confidently believe that there lies in the desk drawers of students in this college, material which has never met the eyes of instructors or professors; material which is written at the dictation of one's own heart and brain, and not at the dictation or suggestion embodied in assignments. This is the material we want. Beyond being the instrument for the publication of this work, we trust this magazine will be a stimulus for further and greater volume of creative writings. We strongly feel that it is necessary for Trinity to have such a publication through which its students may exercise their powers of literary expression, which is becoming more and more the greatest of factors in the determination of civilization."

—Reprinted from the *Review*,
January 1939; Vol. 1, No. 1.

FOUR WALLS

J. T. de Kay

THE four high, solid, sullen walls of Mary's room kept her from communication with the world. She was recovering from the grippe, but the more she tried to recover, the less likely it seemed that she would ever again see anything outside the four walls. When her mother had told her two days previously that she would be out by Sunday, time suddenly began to move more and more slowly; Mary had the feeling it would never pass. The four walls took on an even deadlier aspect; it was as if they were holding her sickness in the room so that she might never be free of it. The same walls held Time in the room too, closeting it so that its only egress was through the narrow door that lead downstairs; it moved through that door slowly, very slowly, so that everything in the room was stationary in time. It seemed that Sunday, the day of liberation, would never appear over the horizon.

The room was all the way up on the third floor, yet Mary could make out the gay noises of the cocktail party down in the drawing room, and the very closeness of the people she couldn't talk to made the whole process of recuperation that much worse. Mary liked to talk to people; she liked to be downstairs when there were cocktail parties so that she could pass the canapes and exchange adult greetings with the guests, but the grippe now kept her from having any fun.

At first she had been very pouty when her mother had made her remain in bed. She had almost made a scene, and when her mother had left the room she had grown morose and self-pitying. It was cold in the room, with a coldness that matched her depression. No matter how often the storm windows were repaired, the ocean breeze would find a way through some crack and inject a horrible frigid finger of air which was almost visible in its stark tangibleness. It was one of the troubles in living in an old house. How she wished they could live in one of the modern houses that dotted the countryside around them, instead of this great horrid monstrosity, which was so old, so terribly old. When Mary's young eye could see the complete incongruity of a late Victorian house sitting in the middle of Long Island. Those great high walls, the walls Mary hated so, added to the feeling of depression.

Mary could never succeed in getting her walls to look like anything she wanted them to; first it had been bright wall paper, then movie stars, and now pictures of horses, but all was to no avail. The geometrical delineations of her room never failed to send a chill down her back, no matter what the camouflage. She was too young to realize what the chill was—it came from a feeling of being in a tomb.

The sound of wheels on the driveway told her that the first guests were beginning to leave. Then several more left. Through her open door the noises of the party slowly quieted as more cars left. The noises from the driveway came through the window, and into her other ear, and it made her feel a little like God, sitting way above everybody and hearing all the different noises in the world.

But she wasn't a happy God. She was a terribly lonely one.

She picked up a copy of *The Arabian Nights* that lay beside her bed and started to read. Although she became enrapt in the stories, she still had her ears pricked to the noises from below, and about a half hour after she began reading, she was conscious of the fact that the house was now empty of guests.

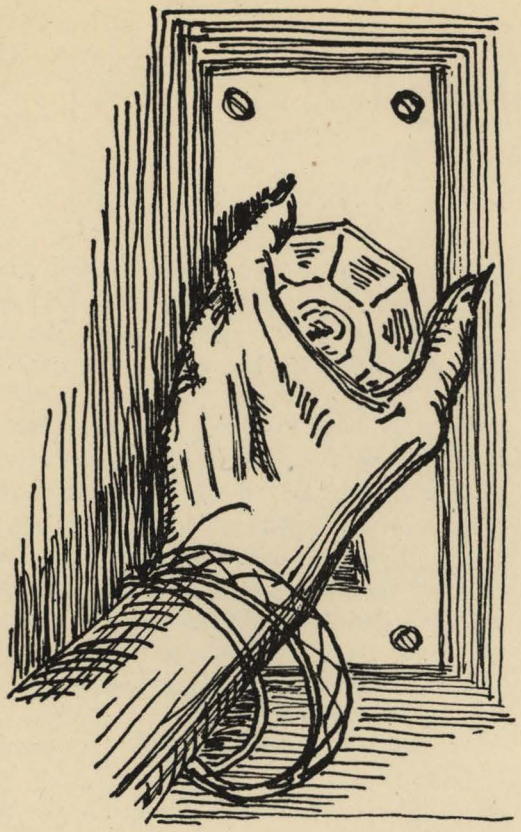
No one had come up to talk to her, or say goodbye, or anything. She knew her mother would be up soon to look in on her, but she couldn't be sure when it would be. She began to wait.

She realized she had not understood a word of the last two pages, and went back to reread them. It was deadly quiet downstairs.

Suddenly there was a terrifying crash from below. Her heart skipped when she heard it, and then reason told her it couldn't be anything more than the big silver cocktail tray, which must have slipped out of somebody's hands. She felt a quick little tick of anguish as her orderly female mind conjured up the mess such an action must have produced.

She couldn't hear any noise at all after the crash, and yet she knew they must be talking down there; a household calamity of such kind always produces some talk.

She tried to go back to her book, but it didn't seem to mean anything now. Her mind had been alerted by the crash, and she could no longer keep it off what must be happening below. She began to hear the voices of her parents. They seemed to



be having some kind of an argument, but no matter how she strained, she couldn't pick out any words distinctly.

Then she heard her mother's quick pattering on the stairs, and her father's voice, still on the first floor, became more distinct, yet still inarticulate. Her mother's footsteps halted on the second floor landing, and then Mary got a shock much worse than the crashing of the cocktail party. She could now hear her mother distinctly.

"Please, Harry, *please!* For God's sake, let's not talk about it *now!*"

Then her father said something that sounded terrible, but she couldn't catch the words.

"Please, Harry! Sober up, *please!* Harry! I won't . . . I won't *talk* about it!"

Her mother's voice, as she spoke these last words, rose to a terrifying pitch of hysteria, which rushed like the freezing ocean wind into Mary's stomach. Unconsciously she slid further into the bed, and tried to press down into the mattress as if to gain protection from it; she was shaking with fear.

She heard her mother's steps, now hurried, going into her own room, directly below. The girl relaxed when she realized she was not coming upstairs. She became conscious of the fact that she didn't even want to see her mother, and was immediately ashamed of herself for it.

Several minutes later she heard the same footsteps, now slower and calmer, walk down the hallway to the staircase that led up to the third floor. Mary grew frightened. Her mother was going to come up and visit her, and there was no way of escaping it. She stiffened as she had before, and then came the ominous, slow, unalterable clicking of heels on wood, heels on wood, slowly, slowly coming up the stairs. Her mother's voice still rang in her ears:

"Please, Harry, *please!*" Every hint of hysteria seemed to redouble itself in her mind's ear as she waited, petrified, for her mother to appear; she was almost at the top step now.

The plodding footfalls stopped at the landing, turned, and continued mercilessly down the hall to her room. She wanted to scream. It was as if she expected Satan himself to appear in the doorway. She would scream, she *would* scream. . .

And then there was her mother, and she didn't scream.

The viewing of such a familiar face erased the daughter's hysteria, and she suddenly felt silly and limp. There was a moment of silence, and then her mother said:

"Hello dear."

"Hello mother."

"What are you reading?" She looked at the book lying face down on the blanket.

"*Arabian Nights.*" Mary had completely forgotten it.

"Oh." Her mother looked the same, but her voice sounded all washed out, almost echoing. She had been standing in the doorway, but now she walked slowly into the room, brushing back a whisp of hair from her forehead. She seemed much older than she had before the party. Mary wanted to ask about the guests, but decided to wait for her mother to open the subject.

"Yes, yes, the *Arabian Nights.* Isn't that where Sheharezada is a slave girl? It's so long since I've read it." She sat down on the edge of the bed, and Mary felt a pang of sorrow as she noticed how much older she really seemed to be. Then, with a feeling of revulsion, she saw her mother was drunk.

"Part slave, part wife." Mary had a desire to get the interview over with. Her mother looked up hazily, in contrast to her daughter's snappishness.

"Of course. Isn't it funny how those people could make slaves of their wives?" Her mother was so obviously trying to be pleasant that Mary felt compassionate, and was sorry for her rudeness.

"I'm glad it's different here," she said.

The mother turned from her daughter and gazed at the black window, as if trying to penetrate the darkness to the ocean beyond. She patted the daughter's foot under the blanket. It was the kind of

thing a distant aunt would do, and it made Mary feel horrible.

"Well, dear, we mustn't grow up thinking we are *quite* as good as men, because we aren't. We just aren't." Mary was scared her mother would break down, but she didn't.

Then her mother said a very strange thing—she seemed to go off on a completely new tangent.

"We are all of us alone, Mary dear." Then she paused before continuing. "Women always suffer."

Mary was confused and scared by the tone of her voice. Again she had the feeling she wished her mother would leave.

"Every bit of freedom we get makes us more and more alone, dear, remember that. Everybody is alone." She continued to stare out the window for a while, maybe a minute, and then she got up without a word and left, closing the door behind her.

Mary lay on her back for some time afterwards, thinking. Presently she found herself weeping. It was a slow, almost meaningless weeping, without choking or sobs. She just lay there, and the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. She may have thought she was crying because she was scared of her mother, but that wasn't true, really. She was weeping because, with a child's mind, she had discovered the terrible secret of the adult world. She knew now that all mankind is doomed to be alone.

THE FUNCTION OF A POEM

William A. Dobrovir

THE function of a poem, long debated, has recently been most eruditely discussed in a little magazine, *Transmutation*. Theodosius Ziff, who had already begun to make a name for himself with his novel *Odysseus,* (which he wrote in Sanskrit to prove that, as T. S. Eliot contends, the artist should not be concerned with whether his work tends to be obscure), has with this article established himself as a critic with a sure and incisive discernment.

In this article, Mr. Ziff expounds on the process of creating a poem. He contends that the poet must have absolute freedom to express his innermost self. The poet must be free of all restraints in writing; those of form, content, and medium of expression. Theo cries that poets have been hamstrung long enough by being forced to express pure beauty with such an everyday thing as language.

That is the main thesis of this brilliant analysis: Free the poet from language! The thoughts of the artist are too sublime to be squeezed into such a straitjacket. To overcome this difficulty Theo has invented a new medium and has named it Ziffish.

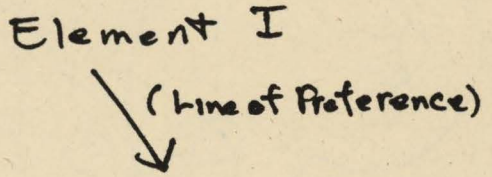
To show how ths inspiration of genius is superior to mere English, French, Russian, or What-have-you (a tongue much used in pre-historic Greenwich Village) or even Ziffy's lovely Sanskrit, we shall take a popular English poem and translate it into the inspired sphere of Ziffish. The poem is one about which hardly anything has been written, for it is perfect within the limitations of the English language:

"I'd rather flunk my Wassermann test
Than read a poem by Edgar Guest."

—D. Parker

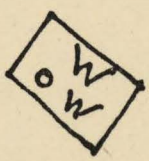
Theodosius Ziff's analysis follows.

"The poem is made up of two elements: preference for flunking this test, and reading a poem by this fellow Guest. So, two elements, shown thus:

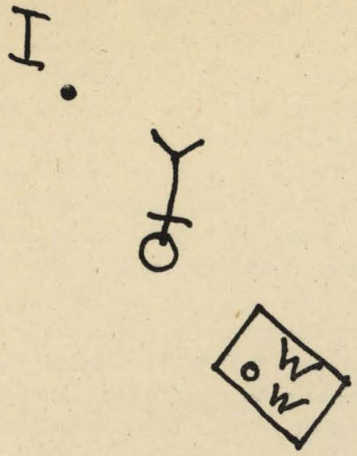


Element II

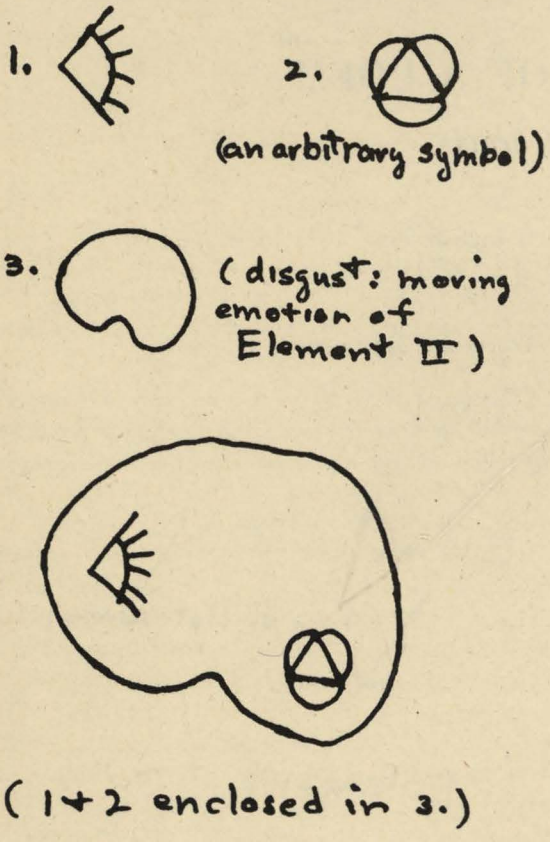
"Element I has two sub-elements—Flunk and (Wassermann) test, respectively


and


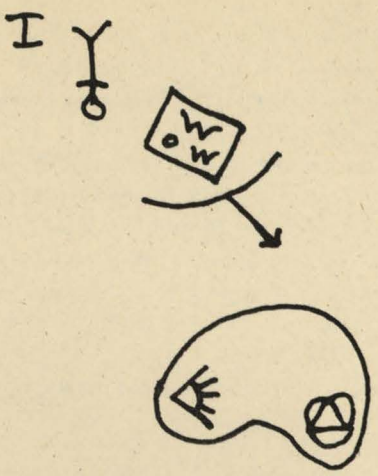
"The first person is expressed so  and the complete Element I is



"Element II is more complex, containing 1, reading; 2, poem; and 3, Edgar Guest. In this manner



"And finally



"So we have a beautiful, aesthetically artistic entity, where formerly we had merely words."

We've heard that Mr. Ziff is coming out with a volume of poetry written in collaboration with Edna St. Vincent Ginsberg, a now obscure but promising poetess. In it, he shall propound his ideas at greater length, and illustrate with original works in this medium by himself and Miss Ginsberg. This book is expected to have the earth-shaking effect that Wordsworth and Coleridge's "Lyrical Ballads" did in 1798. As they began the romantic movement, Ziff will begin a new poetry for our time. Perhaps we could call it "Back-to-the-cave", or, "Ugh, who's got that sharp stone I was writing with?"

ALAS, POOR AUSTRIA

Shavius Rogere

"There's only one true Kaiserstadt; there's only one Altwien!"—Lieder.

"In Vienna—No two clocks tell the same time. Nobody can add or subtract. No one is ever on time. No one is ever expected to be. Nobody ever pays the Regular Price. No accounts or bills are ever right. No one ever expects them to be. No one is ever noisy. No one ever rushes (if your chauffeur drives swiftly, he is a Czech). No bank ever issues a balance sheet. No taxes are ever collected. No one ever pays the slightest attention to foreigners. No one knows what is going on in the country. No one cares. These marvels constitute Gemuethlichkeit."—Austro-Frankenstein.

AUSTRIA emerged from the 1914 World War about the size of Scotland. It had lost Hungary, and also territory to Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Poland, Rumania, and Italy as well. Except in Italy after the advent of Mussolini, the "lost" German-speaking Austrians were reasonably well treated. After all, they were valuable citizens and good assets. About 6 million Austrians were left in Austria. Next-door to them were the 60 million Germans left in Germany, speaking the same language, and in Bavaria even the same dialects.

But the Austrians left in Austria felt defeatist and lazy. They had invented nearly fifty different kinds of coffee, and they sipped them constantly (so they said) to keep awake. Their foreign policy, if any, was gone with the wind. Vienna was exceedingly shabby and run-down, what with the Hapsburgs gone too, but love and waltz-music and Dr. Freud's psychoanalysis forged ahead and attracted visitors. There was a great deal of suicide, due to hunger and unhappy affairs of the heart, a good deal of reckless laughter, and the best workers' tenements in the world. Vienna had a socialist city administration, and a good one considering what it had to administer.

For $4 per year, one could secure a ticket to any show in Vienna, at any time, during a twelve-month period. And these bargain tickets would be a tenth of the normal price. The only speedy taxi-drivers were ill-mannered, immigrant Czechs from Bohemia. Everybody bargained over their taxes, and ignored foreigners politely. But they banked on foreigners heavily when it came to such tourist resorts as Kitzbuehel, St. Anton, and Felden with their skiing and winter sports and tasty settings, scenic and architectural.

They liked jokes too, did the Austrians. It was said that when old Emperor Franz Joseph heard about the war in 1914, he shouted out: "Fine! Now we'll get a crack at those Prussian pigs!" About a third of the Austrians lived in Vienna, and there was always a bitter feud on between the sophisticated, agnostic city dwellers and the religious peasants of the countryside, with their priests and crosses. These rustics did not raise enough foodstuffs to feed their country, and large supplies had to be imported from abroad. The city proletarians had huge appetites.

The national government (at Vienna) was generally conservative and even clerical, while the big-city government (also at Vienna) was radically inclined. No less than 60,000 families lived in the progressive municipal tenements, which were practically rent-free. Privately owned real-estate in Vienna, such as individual houses, were very heavily taxed for the benefit of the workers' tenements. This created a class struggle within the city, where the poor lorded it over the newly poor, once rich.

In addition to the tenements—Karl Marx Hof, Goethe Hof, etc.—there were a large number of public-health clinics, baths, rest homes, kindergartens, tennis courts, parks, and schools. These were expensive, but what was left of the middle-classes paid for them. They did it through the nose, and hated to do it.

The town workers developed a private army of 200,000 to protect their economic and political interests. It was called the Schutzbund, and was in a sense the socialist guard of "pink" Vienna. Its rival was the Heimwehr, the more conservative countryman's outfit, which gradually began to split between

Hitler Nazis and Hapsburg Catholics, especially after 1933, when the Austrian Hitler came to power in Germany. The Austrian regular army, limited by the peace treaties, totalled only the 30,000 long-service professionals. It was not until 1934 that civil war broke out among the factions: socialist "pink," clerical "black," and Nazi "brown." But on one occasion in 1931, a Heimwehr man sued a socialist paper for calling him a bully, a halfwit, and an Al Capone. The judge fined the paper $60, because calling a man an Al Capone was outrageous.

There were, too, some bad riots in 1927, when the Palace of Justice was burned and perhaps a hundred citizens were killed. On this unhappy occasion it was a clash between red (as distinguished from pink) socialists and the Vienna police, who were more or less socialistic as well.

Hugo Breitner was the most intelligent Vienna socialist. He had been a banker, but became interested in civic and social betterment, and joined the pinks in the wild days after the war. He was Vienna's financial genius, and taxed everything from frankfurters to swimming. This renegade from high finance was not exactly popular with the ex-rich and newly so.

Other Austrian socialists of note were Doctors Renner and Bauer, moderate and extremist respectively, and Colonel Deutsch, leader of the Schutzbund, who later poined the loyalists in the Spanish civil war of 1936. The dignified socialist burgomaster of Vienna was Dr. Seitz, with his gray beard, who was very popular, quite conservative, and the distinguished-looking idol of the masses. Breitner, Bauer, and Deutsch were Jewish. Deutsch, paradoxically in those Nazi days, was generally a Jewish name.

On the other side of the fence was Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, several times Chancellor, and a high church dignitary. He was an adept at getting loans from the League of Nations at a time when almost penniless Austria needed money badly. They said he was a mystery man, a modern Richelieu or Mazarin who prefered intrigue to cards on the table. At heart he was a Hapsburg monarchist and favored the return of Empress Zita and her "pretending" son, Otto. Though Jesuit-educated, he was not a Jesuit, but he stood for the church first and foremost.

He lived in a Sacred Heart convent, celebrated mass with the nuns, ate nunnery food, and lived on $50 per month. His two lieutenants were the President of Austria, William Miklas, and a tiny politician named Engelbert Dollfuss. Miklas was a schoolteacher, and the father of eleven children. As President, he generally kept quiet and devoted himself to his brood of little ones. He was a rural Austrian of the rural Austrians. Dollfuss, like Seipel and Miklas, was strongly clerical, and equally strongly opposed to union with "heretic" Germany. None of this trio liked the Prussians, although Frau Dollfuss hailed originally from the land of the Hohenzollerns. Before Dollfuss became Chancellor, he was virtually unknown, save as a faithful follower of the high and mighty Seipel.

There was also a Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg, a follower in turn of Dollfuss. He was to become a "last" Chancellor of Austria with a "Heil Dollfuss" ever on his lips. And there was a doughty rival of Schuschnigg, Prince Roger Starhemberg, especially strong in Heimwehr circles and the owner of tens of castles. His old mother was Austrian delegate to the League of Nations, and his ancestor had defended Vienna against the Turks in 1683. The ancestor's name was Guido. Roger was a cross between Richard Lionheart and Benito Mussolini, tough, feudal, and romantic, with modernist touches. Like a little Wallenstein, he had his own private army quartered on his vast estates.

Dr. John Schober was another post-war Chancellor who was primarily a policeman. He lived in a police-station, was pro-German but no Nazi, and had little use for either the socialists or the clericals. Schober was proud of himself and talked too much, as many policemen do, but he was said to have had a confidential dossier on every public man in Austria, which helped him a great deal. He was on especially bad terms with Seipel and the Seipel gang.

Somebody wrote: "Austria was not only a woman, she had to be a sort of modern Vestal Virgin. This the so-called Great Powers decreed. The masterminds at Versailles decided not only that Austria might have no husband—but not even an occasional boy-friend. She was sentenced to spend her nights alone burning candles at the holy altar of Versailles and St. Germain and her days knitting and darning to make the groschen to buy the candles with." This was perfectly true.

There was a great deal of talk about a Danube Confederation with preferential tariffs, to take in Austria and most of those Central European lands watered by the Beautiful Blue river. It was a favorite scheme of the French and anti-Germans generally, for it was supposed to head off Austro-German union, economic and political. Little Austria had been left by the World War as a ghastly head without a body, and the Danube Confederation was intended to restore the body, and thereby bring back good times. The Danube plan continued to be a favorite idea right to the very end, along with a restoration of the Hapsburgs. Either or both of these moves were to "frustrate" the Nazis. In a

sense, the Danubian Confederation was meant to bring back the defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire (which was a natural, self-sustaining economic unit), but in the realm of trade only.

As to Austria and Germany, there were doubts on both sides as to union. The Austrians, by and large, did not care for the Prussian drill-masters and martinets and efficiency experts, while the Prussians did not like the "Popery" of the Austrian countryside. But the Austrian banking system went to pieces in 1931 with the collapse of Vienna's Credit Anstalt, and this was followed by a terrific banking crisis in Germany. France was accused of shooting "golden bullets" against the conception of Austro-German union. She certainly had a hand in the epic crash.

The German crisis led direct to the Hoover Moritorium on war reparations, trouble in England, with a departure from the gold standard and a naval mutiny at Invergordon, and aided materially in promoting the depression in America. And in Austria alone, the Credit Anstalt cost the Austrian people $200,000,000 and foreign investors another $100,000,000. Baron Louis Rothschild was the head of the Credit Anstalt, and this added fuel to the local flame of anti-semitism. His institution tried hard to bribe the foreign and domestic press to hush the matter up, but it was a great boon to the Nazis.

Even with the finish of the Hapsburg Empire, Vienna continued to be the uncrowned capital of the Balkans. Here were hatched all the assassination plots and kidnapping and petty revolutions of that distracted region. The city was full of conspirators, refugees, hide-aways, and wild-eyed anarchists. They were Croats, Macedonians, Greeks, Turks, Albanian banditti, Italian anti-fascists,anything and everything. Meanwhile, the Viennese women, dark blondes, continued to have "slim hips and full breasts" and, in many cases, to nourish a secret passion for Hitler. Music was their greatest passion of all, with the Salzburg festivals as the high point, and the Opera as sacrosanct, although it cost the poverty-stricken government a million dollars per year.

The whole atmosphere was rather hysterical, and just a bit neurotic. Dr. Sigmund Freud was an integral part of it, for he was badly needed. He was born in what is now Czechoslovakia, and was 62 when the war ended. From the age of 4 on, he had been a Viennese.

Freud was a disciple of Goethe, and at one time a botanist. By 1885 he was delving into psychoanalysis. The year before, he had learned much from a half-forgotten Viennese doctor named Breuer, who had cured a case of hysteria by questioning the patient under hypnosis. Freud broke with the hypnotic method early in the game, but placed great faith in sex and dreams and internal conflicts. Some years before the war he was joined by Adler, Jung, and others who were later to disagree with him while following the trail he had blazed. After the war he played an important, though retiring, role in Vienna, and was tendered the freedom of the city on his 70th birthday, which was turned into a sort of fiesta.

Like most of the prominent Jewish intellectuals, including Albert Einstein in Germany, the Nazis had a special detestation for Freud. Their whole creed was essentially objective and two-fisted, and the subjective was to them a closed "Bolshevik" book. Dr. Freud, fortunate to have sufficient money, was compelled to emigrate from the beloved Austria whose life he reflected. More than Lenin even, he was a revolutionist, but of souls instead of economics. He would work for $2 per visit, when his American disciples were receiving $20 to $50 as they "probed."

Before the World War, Austria had had seventeen provinces, plus Hungary and the imperial "colony" of Balkan Bosnia. After the war seven provinces remained to her from the old seventeen. These were Lower Austria, Upper Austria, Salzburg, Styria, Carinthia, Vorarlberg, and part of the Tyrol. In addition there were two new provinces: Burgenland, taken from Hungary by the Allies, and Vienna, which was given a special municipal status. Thereby, Austria was a federal state like Germany or America, and Vienna became a District of Columbia, but *with* the vote. The Nazi movement was strongest in faraway Styria, on the Jugoslav frontier, where an active Protestant minority had been friendly to Germany since Reformation times. Salzburg had music, Tyrol boasted leather breeches, Vorarlberg was a ski center, Vienna was surrounded by Lower Austria, and Styria had valuable iron deposits, as well as Nazis and Protestants. Half the Tyrol was in Italian hands, and having a very bad time of it.

There were not far from 300,000 Jews in Vienna, close to half the number in all Germany. They ranged from Rothschilds and Freuds and socialist leaders down to petty traders, and some of the Austrian nobility, or what was left of it, had Jewish blood. The Austrian province of Galicia had been lost to Poland; it contained a high percentage of Jewish population, and the Jews there knew that Poles were addicted to anti-semitism on the grand scale. Hence, after the war, many Galician Jews flocked down to Vienna to avoid the Polish annexation, and many more went to Germany. These so-called "East Jews" were disliked by the Jews long resident in Austria and Germany, and their migration swelled the rising tide of anti-semitism.

In 1933 the clerical government leaders of Austria,

under Dollfuss, organized a Fatherland Front which was supposed to include everybody who was opposed to union with Germany. The Fatherland Front was under Catholic leadership, and was strongly opposed to socialists and Nazis. It became the only legal political groupment in Austria, boasted its own "crutch-cross" to match the Nazi swastika, and was very mildly anti-semitic to steal a little of the Nazis' fire.

But since the Fatherland Front was the only legal organization, it began to assemble within its ranks all sorts of anti-clerical opposition elements. These bored from within, just as in Germany there were many camouflaged communists within the exclusive and inclusive Nazi ranks.

Chancellor Schuschnigg was said to have visited a factory, where he inquired the nature of the workers' political affiliations from the boss. Schuschnigg asked how many Nazis there were. "Thirty per cent," said the boss. "And how many reds?" "Ten per cent." And how many socialists? "Sixty per cent."

"But," shouted the bewildered Schuschnigg, "don't you have any members of my brave Fatherland Front?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boss. "They are *all* members of your Fatherland Front." Which tends to explain, in joke form, why the Fatheerland Front collapsed so easily in the early part of 1938. Like the ill-fated German republic, virtually nobody believed in it.

But the Austrians believed in coffee when all else failed and went *kaput*. Said one observer: "I had the coffee of Vienna hot and cold and in ices. I counted thirty-eight distinct varieties of its preparation and service: Melange im Glas; Teetasse—Melange in der Tasse, in a cup; Melange hell; Melange mittel; and Melange dunkel, dark; Melange ganz hell, very light; Melange ganz dunkel; Melange mit Haut; Melange ohne Haut; Melange mit Schlag, cream, and Melange ohne Schlag; Melange mit Doppelschlag; Melange kalt. There were Schale gold—these varieties were referred to in their exact colors—and Schale braun; Schale dunkelbraun; Schale nuss, nut brown; Schale weiss; Schale mit Haut and Schale ohne Haut. Kaffee verkehrt; Kaffee ganz ohne; Kaffee mehr dunkel; Kaffee mehr licht; Kaffee ganz dunkel; Kaffee ganz licht. There were Tuerkisch natur and Tuerkisch passiert. Eiskaffee . . . Einspanner . . . Schwarzer mit brandy . . . Mokka . . . Kapuziner, the shade of a Capuchin robe. . .

"There was, it appeared, a definite air of the Orient, a perceptible flavor of Turkey, in the fatalistic spirit of the Viennese. The Hapsburgs had had the air, at once benevolent and cruel, of Sultans. That alone placed a whole world between Vienna and the Gothic, the Germanic, being of Munich. A universe separated Vienna from Berlin." Or so it seemed to Joseph Hergesheimer, back in 1932.

In 1931 Dr. Heinrich Bruening was Chancellor of Germany. He was a leader of the Catholic Center party, and his brother had long been a priest in America. Dr. Bruening was ascetic, dignified, and quiet. But he had been a front-line machine-gunner in the World War, was patriotic, and had courage and tact. He came from the western Catholic regions of Prussia, wore "clerical" spectacles, and was in racial type more Nordic than most of the Nazis who opposed him. Bruening kept himself so poor that sometimes President Hindenburg would lend him a fur-coat for winter speaking tours. The virtuous Chancellor was described as a cross between a cardinal and a Prussian officer. He was erudite, too, and fit to be a Harvard professor. Bruening was anxious naturally to forestall the Hitlerites.

Things were by no means perfect in Germany under Bruening. Suicides had averaged forty-four per day for years on end (there were 16,000 in 1930 alone). When the German army of 100,000 found itself with 6,000 vacancies, some 80,000 men applied, and half of them were "unfit" because of undernourishment. Half the school-children in Berlin could afford no breakfast, and a fifth of them had no beds to sleep in. Out of 65 million Germans, 60 million received "an average annual income of only $200 per capita." All this, of course, was grist for the Nazi mill.

In March, 1931, Chancellor Bruening of Germany and Chancellor Schober of Austria suddenly announced that they had arranged an Austro-German customs union like that of the old Prussian-sponsored Zollverein. This unification was to be purely economic, and not political. It was intended to save Austria commercially, and to silence the clamoring Nazis in Germany. Here was a chance to preserve the German republic, keep the moderate Bruening parties in power, and at the same time accomplish a patriotic deed to ease the German post-war inferiority complex. It seemed desirable from every angle, and Germans and Austrians at the time were almost unanimously in favor of it.

But the Allies took alarm, fearing that (as with the old Zollverein) economics would pave the way for politics. They did not wish to see Germany strengthened by one jot or tittle, and continued to regard Austria as a logical buffer state to the southeast. France, Italy, and Czechoslovakia were especially against the Bruening-Schober arrangement, and there were dire threats that millions might mobilize against the 130,000 German and Austrian regulars.

It was a real crisis. A French paper commented bitterly: "Germany wants to play in Europe the part that Prussia played in Germany between 1866 and 1870. Germany, the Prussia of Europe—that is the logical conclusion."

An English paper added: "It is impossible any longer to disguise that Germany is again pursuing her old policy, founded on the realities of race and commerce. Germany and Austria will work together, not for a United States of Europe, but for Pan-German ends." To all of which a German journal replied: "Together with the whole of Germanic public opinion on both sides of the frontier, we salute the grand decision that the two governments have made. It is perhaps the first autonomous act that German foreign policy has undertaken since 1918."

It was at this point that France fired its "golden bullets" by withdrawing all credits from Austria and Germany, bringing both "erring" Teutonic countries to the dizzy verge of bankruptcy, although President Hoover and Premier MacDonald "gallantly" came to their financial aid. The French and their international friends claimed that any Austro-German customs union was in violation of the Versailles Treaty. In May, 1931, the League of Nations passed the question on to the World Court at the Hague, in Holland. In September Germany and Austria, expecting an adverse "political" decision by the Court, renounced the project—"like small boys publicly humiliated for having been naughty."

Two days later the World Court lived up to Austro-German expectations. It voted down the plan by eight to seven, a Latin American judge turning the tide to the indignation of England and America. The bare majority of Solons, lining up politically, declared that an Austro-German customs union would violate a protocol of 1922, whereby Austria had promised not to grant any exclusive privileges "calculated to threaten its independence."

So perished the Bruening-Schober scheme for union. "Their customs-union proposal was the first sensible plan seen in Europe for constructive recovery; it was a scheme which might have been the salvation of Central Europe, since all the other countries were invited to enter it at any time; it was the first step taken by responsible statesmen in Europe to reduce tariff barriers; it was a political and economic necessity arising normally from the blunders of the peace treaties . . . And this, of course, was what aroused French rage."

The disappointed Schober died, and Bruening, now of Harvard, was forced out of office the next year. It was the making of Hitler.

LAMENT

Within this great limitation I can only image
The apt hearts that shall never know my design,
Nor I theirs—
Shall never escape contemporary compromise
To realize our tragic potential,
Sympathetic but for interval and fortune.
A world of coincidence has kept us from
Other thoughts, other eyes.

—Ogden Plumb.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO EDUCATION?

Arthur H. Tildesley

WE of the younger generation have recently been bearing the brunt of much criticism from newspapermen, who pride themselves in being adept in the art of analyzing current events. Through careful analysis of their voluminous discourses, we can ascertain only one thing: we are not what we should be. They condemn our morals and point out degradation of our intellectual standards. In regard to efficiency, their attacks on these very important subjects is, for the most part, very doubtful.

College is, to most of us, merely a job. Its reward is to be capable of obtaining a little better (or a great deal better) than average job upon completion of undergraduate studies. We are, in essence, obtaining not a education, but qualifications which will enable us to obtain that type of employment which can offer us security. At the present time, the qualifications for obtaining a desirable position are a college diploma, preferably with a degree, and a small amount of social know-how, so that we don't appall the interviewer by gnawing ravenously on a dismembered fingernail. It seems that present day conditions necessitate a college diploma such as a secondary school diploma was required for any advancement thirty years ago.

At the present time, most of our friends and college graduates are in some branch of the armed forces. We can all agree that we are engaged in a struggle to show the world that our democratic way of life is preferable to other forms of government which have proved themselves fatal to any group of people who let themselves become blinded by the aspirations of greedy men. We shall assume then that learning to become good soldiers to preserve our ideals must be of prime importance if we should enter the service. According to *Time* magazine, patriotic flag-wavers on college campuses throughout the nation are openly frowned upon. But it is fairly certain that we will enter a branch of service and we will do our best with any task given us.

This inevitable "hitch" in the armed forces is facing all of us, it bothers us and creates many uncertainties. We are bothered by many other things also. We are living in an unstable period of high taxes and increased complexities face us at every important turn in our lives. It follows then that we must undergo instabilities within ourselves. In order to cope with these instabilities we must be intelligent, broadminded citizens with enough foresight to look into these problems, analyze them, and come up with a workable solution. But, can we do this?

Recently Dr. Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence College, delivered a lecture dealing with the inability of college professors to stimulate the interests of students. He claimed that inspiration is a necessity in education. I wonder if it is not fast becoming a trend among educators to make us a complete, unabridged, set of walking index cards? Are we not becoming movable machines for memorization? Can we apply the facts we learn to our problems? True we are taught some logicality and clear thinking, but is there enough emphasis placed upon them? And is it presented to us with any stimulation or inspiration? All too often we are engulfed by a maze of factual cobwebs. Is it inspiring us to academic achievement?

Let us stop for a moment and analyze the situation. We have on one hand, a young generation which faces many uncertainties with the world crises of today, and who are commendably striving to make a place for themselves in the world. On the other hand, we find an older generation which is commendably attempting to prepare us for later life. Both groups have their faults. Our question now is this: which group should readjust itself to meet the demands of the other? The answer to this question is quite simple. The group that can more easily adjust itself should make an effort to do so.

The older generation, making up the bulk of our present day crop of educators, studied and prepared themselves under similar conditions. The Terrible Twenties with prohibition, shocking scandals and depression, offered tremendous distractions. But were they faced with the enormous responsibilities of life in the 1940's and 50's which holds only places for the most suitably fitted personnel because of overcrowded fields brought on by a war and scientific advancements which increase the average life-span and productive ability of the disabled (to mention only a few responsible factors)?

We cannot, however, criticize the older generation of educators and acquit ourselves. We cannot hope to change their approach to mid-20's century teaching without cooperating with them. We are guilty of mass disregard for anything which can make us

(Continued on page 17.)

GOD AND MAN AT YALE

A Review

J. T. de Kay

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR., Yale, Class of '50, has written a very dull book. At this writing it is going into its third printing. I suppose a good many of the purchasers are Yale graduates who believe it to be their duty to keep up with news from their alma mater, but there are obviously many who have read it without having any connection with that college at all. This readership is due in most part to the fact that *God and Man at Yale* is a "controversial" book, *i.e.*, it expresses an opinion. This seems to be such a rare phenomenon these days that people will flock to any printed matter, no matter how trivial, just to find something which dares to tread on toes and express some tangible idea not commonly held by the multitudes.

Mr. Buckley's book can certainly be classified in that category; it differs from its bedfellows only on one point: it expresses no new idea. Rather, the book's main interest to the objective reader lies in the fact that it represents a solidity of reactionary thought not often found in a young man of Buckley's age. The youthful Quixote (Skull and Bones model), going forth to fight for the rights of anachronism presents an interesting, although slightly idotic, spectacle. The windmill giant of liberal education comes under a rather remarkable attack from this young Blimp, and his approach closely resembles that of the ancient knight of Spain.

The preface to *God and Man* gives ample warning of the contents, but fool that I am, I read the whole dismal thing to make sure. I did make sure, and also found that Mr. Buckley was not trying to mislead the reader. From page xiii right through to the end on page 227 the author never allows the reader to forget that he is perusing the works of a hidebound, stuffy, dogmatic, arrogant, sly, and thoroughly vehement reactionary who wishes to turn back history to the good old days he knows only vicariously.

In the aforementioned Preface, Mr. Buckley starts things off with a bang by intimating that Christianity and "democracy" (perhaps Christianity should also be in quotes), are, if not one and the same, at least Siamese Twins. If one goes back a little beyond the Good Old Days, to the Middle Ages, one is inclined to raise an eyebrow at this pronouncement; probably at no time was Christianity more important, nor democracy less so, yet I am sure Mr. Buckley could find some pat answer, so my eyebrow shall resume its more normal position. But once Mr. Buckley has finished his Preface, and gone into his book, it becomes harder and harder to keep that damn eyebrow in place. At points he makes it downright impossible.

The first section of the book is devoted to religion at Yale, and a most exhaustive study it is. Exhaustive for the reader. With point after irrelevant point the author attempts to overwhelm the reader with the fact that there are several agnostics on the staff at Yale. ("Agnostic," by the way, is a dirty word in Mr. Buckley's vocabulary.) By inference, every man who studies under these agnostics is himself an enemy of God, or at least he is in mortal danger of joining those dreaded ranks. By the end of the chapter, I was under the impression that Yale was a hotbed of swarming atheists and diabolists, that untold hordes of freshmen were being contaminated, and that a general celebration of the black mass was in the foreseeable future.

With obvious shock the author reveals that philosophy is taught at Yale with the idea that the student should be allowed to think for himself; psychology courses, in many cases, disregard religion entirely (!); and worst of all, religion is not pushed down everyone's throat. The purpose of education, one must conclude, is for all students to be turned out of college as accepting drones.

It is interesting to see where Buckley gets his proof; a typical example of his "proof" of atheism at Yale is his investigation of Dwight Hall, where most of Yale's charity work is done. I'll let the author speak for himself in relation to the students participating in the social work:

"While there is no question that some of its members are primarily concerned with practicing and strengthening their religion, far more of them—and I do not imply that their motives are ignoble—utilize Dwight Hall as a cushion for some of their excess energies."

Certainly an interesting idea, and worth looking into; obviously the diet of the average Eli has a wonderfully high dextrose count.

It should be pointed out that the above quotation is not alone in its shaky proof. Rather, it is typical of almost all of his arguments. Buckley has a pen-

chant for taking different aspects of Yale's religious life and surmising that they are not *really* religious at all, but simply frauds. Throughout all of *God and Man at Yale* the author has found it necessary to use bombast, repetition, and insinuation in place of facts and reason.

When Mr. Buckley turns his jaundiced eye on Man at Yale, he fairly trips over his pen in his haste to slip in another fallacy, erroneous belief, or unwarranted accusation. Right off the bat he states (without bother of any type of proof whatsoever), that the individual can only remain so in a state practicing "free enterprise." I suppose it can be assumed that the free enterprise state is the one we now live under, but what he means by the individual escapes me, especially since the author makes so attempt to clarify himself. There still seem to be individuals in England, and yet that country is hardly "free enterprise" in conception or action. All Mr. Buckley's argument seems to boil down to is that same old one about "the gaddam gov'mint," and "that s.o.b. in the White House." Four years at Yale have cultivated the phraseology, but the idea has remained virgin simple in its structure and conception.

To prove his statement that Yale is nurturing the seeds of socialism (another of Buckley's dirty words, by the way), the author quotes endlessly from supposedly insidious textbooks used in the different economics courses. Most of these quotations are ripped out of context, and therefrom mean next to nothing, and in most of them the author has wielded the ellipsis with a magnaminity worthy of *The Reader's Digest,* thus killing off what worth they may have had. One has a right to be overly suspicious of a short excerpt, especially when it has been hacked down to almost nothing.

It would have been much simpler if Buckley had come right out and said he wanted to return to the Coolidge era, rather than making the reader suffer through endless pages of literary diarrhea. Before he has finished the book, the reader has been instructed on all matters reactionary, has been exposed to all matters relative and irrelevant to reactionary thought, and, unfortunately, he has been bored stiff. There would have been some excuse for Buckley had he at least been entertaining; as it is, he accomplishes the trick of making the reader work overly much, and he insults his intelligence at the same time. If the author feels that he is instructing and enlightening people with his platform of intellectual contraception, I think he has failed; if his purpose was to make an ass of himself, I think he has succeeded magnificently.

THE OPTIMIST

J. T. de Kay

I shall not interview the dead;
I shall not one thing ask of them
Save that they never resurrect themselves
To tell me of their deaths.
I will not interview the dead.
If they should call with pallid smile
And beg of me in cobwebbed voice
To while the while away, no matter
How caressed I be, their siren song
Shall fall on glaciered ears.
And if my life should be a gutted dream,
And those that know me sorrow at my fall,
Yet am I clear and cleaner in my soul:
For I never interviewed the dead.

THE GAME

J. V. Hopkins

THIS time it'd be different. If he worked it right, he could run the eighty up to a hundred and sixty or maybe two hundred and then he'd stop. It's just been a streak of hard luck that's all—like Joey except his is good luck. He'd play 'em right and take no chances and. . .

"Hunt! Wake up!" Dave Hunt winced. He hated being yelled at all the time. He always jumped or winced and then flushed bright red because he knew everyone thought it was funny the way he jumped when someone yelled. Sgt. Wright gave him a push through the door and he stopped in front of the little table where the Lieutenant was counting out money from stacks of tens, fives, and singles.

"Private David W. Hunt reporting for pay, sir."

"Eighty-seven dollars." We got eighty-two-fifty a day once a month. That was a funny song. He always wanted to sing along with the boys but then they might not like it because they had their friends and he had . . . But he couldn't sing very well anyway. The Lieutenant counted out eight tens, one five, and two singles. It was new money and made a nice swishing sound when he handled it. Hunt picked it up and pretended to check the amount. You were supposed to, said the army manual but he always felt sort of funny doing it and then maybe the Lieutenant might think that he didn't trust even an officer.

"Sign here. First name, middle initial, last name."

And that was all. He had eighty-seven dollars and a little while ago he didn't have a cent. It was a good feeling to have money again and it was a better feeling to think that maybe you could run it up to twice as much in a game. It wasn't any trouble finding a game. Joey and Cliff always started one in the biddle barracks right away. And then there were always blackjack and poker games in the other barracks but they weren't like craps. They were too slow and it took too long to win anything in them. Dice were different. You couldn't do anything to them except roll 'em. Sometimes you had the breaks, sometimes you didn't. But you didn't have to decide whether to try for a flush or three of a kind and then find out that you had made the wrong choice anyway. Dice were faster and more exciting.

"Come on six, easy six. Six! Alright now, one more dot, just one more freckle. Easy six. This time for sure." Sandy's face dropped just a little as seven rolled up.

"Crapped out!"

"Seven up!" The bettors divided up the pot. Another player threw down three singles and picked up the dice.

"I got one. Two open."

"Covered, Smitty. Take off."

"C'mon seven. Apologize for what ya did to me last payday. Seven!" Smitty rolled a four.

"Lay two! Lay two! Two to one, Smitty! No four!" That was Joey. He knew the odds and always bet a lot after the player had rolled his point. "Lay two. Two to one, Smitty! Bring that four out!" Smitty kept rolling, refusing any further bets. Four was a hard point and he was a cautious player—not like Joey or Cliff. The other players standing beside Smitty who was crouched on the floor bet among themselves. Joey was throwing two singles on the floor to cover a one dollar bettor who thought that Smitty could do it.

"Crap out this time, Smitty! You can't do it."

"Forty-three dice. Seven up!"

Smitty crapped out and got up. Joey collected his money and was arranging it in his hand when he looked up and saw Hunt standing at the edge of the circle.

"Hey! Hey! Make way for the lamb! Prepare for the slaughter. Let Private Hunt through!"

They laughed at that and Hunt flushed. The crowd separated and Joey led him forward. He didn't have to pick on him all the time, did he? There were other guys that lost more than he did. Last week, Marv Stilling dropped over two hundred, but no one said anything about that except for that blind Baptist Reynolds who used it as an example of the folly of gambling and no one ever listened to him.

"I'm not gonna play this month, Joey. I just thought I'd watch a little." That was not what he wanted to say. He wanted to say that he was gonna wait and watch the dice and then when he felt lucky he'd play all the big gamblers because the little guys that only wanted to play a ten or a five always

dropped out early. But he knew that he couldn't say that because Joey would just say something that would make everyone laugh at him again. The deception didn't work though because they laughed as hard when Josey wised off about what would they do for cigarette and beer money if he didn't play? Didn't he know that they depended on his eighty-two-fifty a month to keep them in smokes? Didn't he want to. . .

"All right, all right, I'll play. And I'll beat your pants off, too." It sounded childishly desperate. He meant it to sound like Joey sounded and then maybe everyone would think that he didn't really give a damn about losing all his money every month because it didn't matter to him and anyway that—maybe they'd think this—that Joey bought him smokes and beer when he was broke. But he knew no one would think that because everybody knew Joey didn't like him, and everyone knew that Joey liked to beat him out of his money and laugh at him.

Hunt picked up the dice and started to throw down three bills, then he looked at Joey and threw down a ten. Now he didn't care what Joey or Cliff or any of them thought because now he was gonna coax those dice and win. His face felt hot and his palms were wet as he shook the dice in his cupped hand. Dave never hollered at his dice like most of the other fellows did. He liked to coax them inside himself and roll 'em slow and easy. That was the best part of dice. You spoke the words to yourself and you never had to think about Joey or the Army or anything. At least, most times. . .

It's funny how things go. It had been good at first and he never minded getting up early when you could see your breath. You stood first formation under the bright stars and black morning sky. The other companies were dark shapes against the barracks. Fatigues are cold and you could put on your longhandles, but you knew that by ten o'clock you'd be sweating unmercifully in the wool undershirt. Joey liked him then. Maybe not exactly liked him, but he would have liked him later if things hadn't gone wrong. Joey never talked to him much but that was because Cliff and Sandy and the other guys were always pestering him with their smart-aleck cracks. Dave tried to tell him one day about hunting back home in Wisconsin and how tall the pines were and how you feel when you see a big buck deer in the woods and you've got your Winchester .32 Special and you know you can get him and even if you miss there's another one there. But he guessed Joey had never hunted, that is with him coming from New York City—because he kept interrupting to answer something Cliff or Sandy said, and he finally said he had to clean his rifle and walked away.

"Eight's yer point. Roll 'em, Davey-boy! and crap out!" Eight, easy six. Come on little dice you can do it. This week we clean up. We'll take two bills, won't we? And then we'll go to town. Eight, eight, eight. . .

"Eight! Eight out of ten at five hundred yards! Dave, m' boy, your a whiz with that old cannon!" That's what Joey had said that day out on the rifle range. It hadn't been hard for Dave. Although the M-1 was a heavier and more clumsy weapon than his Winchester, he soon got the feel of it and it was just like those good, autumnal days in the woods except that it was July and sweating hot. But that didn't make much difference. The important things were the smell of gun oil and burning powder, the crack as the rifle fired and somehow (Dave never quite understood the principle of the gas-operated, semi-automatic rifle) the slug hurled the bolt back in a roar of sliding, slamming steel and then it was over—all ready again. And over and over the rifle butt kicked against his shoulder and another chunk of lead pierced the bullseye on the paper target—except, of course, for the two which were inches outside the ring but that was when he had difficulty adjusting the sights. But he didn't mind the sore shoulder or the sun making an oven of his steel helmet because he was proud of Joey's compliments. Yes, Joey would be his friend.

"Eight!"

"There it is—forty-four! The hard way."

"Just a minute, friends, I think that this man is a sharper." Cliff's voice, cruel mockery in it, cut through the crapshooters' jargon. " Leh me examine them thar dices, stranguh!"

"So I won, so I won! Shut up will ya? Ya got me into this game, now let me play."

"O.K., Hunt. Roll 'em, I'll still be buyin' cigarettes with that money of yours."

Eighty-seven and ten, makes ninety-seven. He felt good and sure of himself despite Joey and the rest. Twenty dollars lay on the floor.

"Shoot the twenty."

Now we're gonna go, dice. You and me are gonna take'em for that long ride. We're gonna shoot 'em a seven just as big as they come. Sev, sev, sev, seven! And there it is! Sixty-one! Seven any way you count it! Now we're on that golden chariot, dice!

"Shoot the forty."

"Got ten, thirty open."

"I'll take every penny of that thirty." Joey threw down three tens which he stripped from the sheaf of bills in his fist. It was a contemptuous gesture

and the tens floated down and scattered on the floor. He wouldn't do it, Dave wouldn't. He wouldn't pick up that money and put it on the pile. He'd let it lay there until he won it and then he could pick it up and laugh at Joey in his face. That's what he'd do.

O.K., dice, another one like ya did for me before. Another big, beautiful seven. Another winner. Now, dice, you just do me right. Do me, do me right!

"Nine it is. Nine's yer point."

"I'll lay three, Hunt. Lay three to two."

Sure, he'd take those odds. These dice were his dice now and they were working for him. He took fifteen dollars to his ten in separate bets. He'd make it and then he'd have something to really work with. Nearly one-seventy, nearly two bills! Now come on, niner. Niner, niner. Nine . . .

Nine times in a row Hunt! Nine times in a row you get gigged on your rifle when there's not another man in my squad that's been gigged more than once on a Saturday rifle inspection. What in Christ's name is wrong with you?" Joey had become squad leader. He hadn't changed much—not like some, at least—but he did hang around with the other squad leaders more than anyone else. Of course, it was only natural that he and Cliff and Sandy would be buddies. They were friends before they became squad leaders and now they all had squads. And it was only natural that he would yell at guys in his squad that (goofed) up, that's what Dave told himself. But why did it always seem to be him? Yeah, he supposed his rifle was dirty but . . . you get tired of cleaning your rifle alone. The other fellows all clean theirs with their buddies but he hadn't made many friends although he still hoped that Joey and him would hit it off a little better. But Joey was mad at him and it was about that time that he started yelling out "Hunt!" at the top of his voice whenever they needed a man for details like cleaning the stoves in the kitchen and it was also about that time that Dave started wincing when he heard his name called and the others laughing at him because they knew what it would be for.

But it was gonna work out awright because he had saved up his money for two paydays and he was gonna ask Joey to take a weekend with him. It'd be fun goin' on the town with Joey who was a real live wire and Joey wouldn't have to worry about money because he certainly had enough for the both of them. And they could maybe pick up a couple of girls although Dave had never done that before even though he had wanted to because he didn't know how and now Joey would be with him and—him being from New York City—would know all about that sort of thing.

"Well, I don't know, Dave. I'd sorta planned on goin' in with Cliff and Sandy." They were standing behind Dave. He saw Joey glance at them and then smile slowly. "Sure, you can come along and we'll really do the town." Dave didn't much care to go with Cliff and Sandy too but they were Joey's pals and probably real nice guys so he didn't mind as long as Joey was going along and anyway he and Joey could go off together.

Joey and Cliff and Sandy were drunk, awful drunk. He didn't know what they had been drinking but it was some sort of mixed drinks. He was drinking beer seeing as he wasn't much of a drinker. He had been paying for all the drinks which he really didn't mind at all but he thought it was funny that Joey at least didn't offer to buy one round. And he wished that Cliff and Sandy weren't making so much noise and yelling at Joey because he wanted to talk to Joey.

Cliff and Sandy were eyeing a slutty blonde at the bar. The obscene comments that they muttered to each other threw them into roars of laughter and finally, after much shoving and mutual encouragement, they decided to go talk to her. Lurching from their booth they stumbled, swayed up to the bar.

"Hey, Joey."

"Yeh, whah ya want?" His voice was thick and his head was hanging forward, his eyes half-closed.

"Let's leave, Joey. Cliff and Sandy are having fun by themselves and we could go somewhere else and they wouldn't mind."

"Whah? Lea' Cliff and Sandy?" He roused from his drunkenness and looked shrewdly at Dave. Then, he smiled. Cliff and Sandy returned, heaving with laughter, to the table.

"Joey, we' e got it made tonight, boy! We. . ."

"Davey-boy here has decided he doesn't care for your company, boys." At first, the two didn't understand what Joey meant but then it didn't make any difference because they knew that Joey was gonna have some fun with that jerk, Hunt. They hadn't really wanted creepy Hunt to go out with them but if he wanted to spend his money on them, who were they to turn it down?

"Whah's wrong wi' li'l Davey? Do the big boys play too rough for him?" Sandy thought that this would really be a lot of fun.

Dave couldn't believe his ears. Sure Joey had ribbed him before but that was all gonna change after tonight. And if Cliff and Sandy hadn't come along—it was all their fault! It made him mad, mad, mad!

"Shut up, Cliff! Who asked you to come along

anyway? Isn't that right, Joey?" But Joey didn't say anything, he just smiled that twisted smile.

"Listen, kid," Cliff's voice was malevolent now, "We just let you come along as a favor and because you had money, see? Do you think we'd go out with a baby like you?"

"Tell him, Joey. Tell him how you and I planned to go out together, didn't we? You're my pal not theirs!" His voice was desperate now and high, but he didn't care.

"Hunt, if you're gonna act like a snotnosed baby you better go. Anyway, we got man's work to do tonight. Right?" Joey looked first at the two standing beside the booth and then beyond them at the blonde still seated at the bar. When he turned again to Dave, he looked at him cruelly, sneeringly. "Get out of here."

Dave got out and went back to camp. It was all over now. Joey wouldn't ever be his pal and he'd clean his rifle alone. The next day, Sunday, the day he played in his first game and lost every cent of his remaining sixty dollars. That was six weeks ago now.

Nine, nine, c'mon nine. He was golden now and those dice were working for him. He blew on the dice for another roll and snapped them out of his hand. They flew against the footlocker and bounced back on the floor. Seven!

"Crapped out."

"Well, Hunt, I guess that's my thirty, huh?" Joey laughed.

Dave stood on the edge of the crowd until his turn came up again. He had sixty-seven dollars left. Seven of it he wouldn't touch because that was cigarette money for the month but there was sixty he'd play. He'd play it all at once and win and then quit with the hundred and twenty. That wasn't two bills but it was good enough. His turn. He threw down the sixty and didn't even hear the wisecracks that Joey made as he covered it. He picked up the dice and rolled them around in the palms of his hands. This was it. He rolled—forty-one, five. He scooped up the dice and coaxed them and then flipped them against the footlocker. C'mon five, little five, easy five. He picked up the dice, put his hand back behind him and cocked his wrist. Then he snapped them out. This was Joey's money you're gonna win dice. C'mon be there, five. We'll show Joey. We'll beat him and then Joey will have to treat us right—just like the day at the rifle range. Once again he rolled them. Six, that's no good, dice. Just lose a spot on the next one. Subtract one and drop a freckle and make it five.

Then, Dave knew he couldn't do it. He knew it as sure as if he had already seen the seven come up. He knew he couldn't beat Joey. There was a sinking feeling in his belly and he couldn't help it. He felt helpless and lost. Suddenly enraged at the knowledge he hurled the dice at the footlocker.

"Forty-three. Just as nice a seven as you'll ever see, Davey-boy!"

He got out of the crowd somehow and went upstairs to his bed in the corner. What's the use? The same as last payday, and the payday before, and the one before that. And he'd clean his rifle alone for sixteen more months and jump when Joey or Cliff or Sandy yelled and the others would laugh at him. And . . . it just hadn't worked out right, that's all.

THE FIRST QUESTION

David E. Fisher

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. He created the seas and the dry land, the beasts of the field and the fish of the waters; finally, he created man. Why?

The question is unanswerable and at the same time provocative of the most diverse range of answers that the mind of man is capable of producing. A connoiseurian philosophy it might be which could state that we are on earth to taste of its wines, the color of its sunsets, the sweet smell of its flowers. The falsely designated intellectual romanticist might claim it is our purpose to enjoy the arts, literature, music produced by ourselves. We are here to sacrifice and to give charity to the poor unfortunates of the world (what those unfortunates' purpose is, this doctrine does not discuss). Or we might, as condemned criminals or politicians the day before election, harken to the sanctimonious stupidity of the Church—and Seek to Serve God.

Very many people believe in these foregoing dogmas, and yet these people are not stupid. They have merely overlooked the important fact, indeed, the only fact, as such, that can be applied in this argument; all other so-called facts are nothing but beliefs so done up in allegory that we are lost in the maze of words and abstract thoughts and submit humbly to their dazzle.

This fact is as follows: Man's purpose on earth is not to be found in man himself, for then no purpose could have existed until after he, as such, did exist; and he then would never have been created. The reason for man's existence must be sought in his origin, God. The term God shall be used here, for the sake of argument, or rather to avoid argument, as synonymous with the Prime Force, Allah, the Holy Ghost, Superman, or whatever the reader will. We are not here concerned with the name of the creator, only with his nature, and, as a result of that nature, his reason for man.

Let us merely say that God created the illusion of the phenomenal world as we see it. A question naturally arises, Who then created the creator? This problem is easily disposed of as we realize that in the beginning was the existent, for how could the existent be born of the non-existent? This existent, then, is God.

Why, it follows, did this existent bring forth the phantasmagory we name "Man"? The answer is, merely for His diversion.

Think a moment, what else could it be? God, the existent, an intelligence functioning in an utter void, must, by the very absence of conflict, be complete and perfect; therefore he could not be actuated by aim or motive. Aim and motive are necessitated by desire and he that is complete and perfect cannot desire. God, then, is activated without purpose, like a child at play.

As a child reads a comic-book or a fairy tale, what is he doing but forming an image in his mind so that he may be amused by the antics of that image? But of purpose there is none. And thus it be with God and man. Man is that image. Man exists for no purpose. Man's entire world is but an infinitesimal jest in a disconnected, disinterested, mind.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO EDUCATION?

(Continued from page 10.*)*

better persons, to our families and fellowman. And we are also guilty of placing too much emphasis on getting a place in the world where we can enjoy the luxuries of life after a few short years of work. Too much emphasis is placed on what station persons occupy in life and not enough emphasis on how a person is what he is, in life.

We can readily see that both the student and the educator must readjust himself to the changing conditions which influence the method of education. If we are to reawaken intellectual and moral values we must have the cooperation of both parties. The student should attempt conversion of his perspective and the educator must revamp his teaching approach.

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